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— Grant Young

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WHAT YOU PUT IN . . .

Thomas Burns '70

EVERY MORNING, when I walked in, I'd find Roger Brooks scribbling down some neglected homework of the night before. He got it done quickly; not because he was particularly bright, but because he usually saved the easiest assignment for last.

About a month ago, I sauntered in and found him putting endings on German adjectives. These things bored him terribly and at best held only half of his attention.

"Hey Rog," I said, "Have your Latin?"

"Yeah, right here," he answered and tossed me his notebook.

"I have that German, if you want it."

"No thanks, It's easier to copy it right out of the book," he said, as he automatically wrote out the correct endings.

I sat down and opened his notebook to where we were in class. As I found the right place and started to take down Roger's translation, Harry Doyle leaned over my shoulder.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Same thing as you are," said Harry. "I didn't have time to do the Latin last night with that J.A. meeting. I knew Rog would have it; he always does."

Harry was right. Roger never missed an assignment in Latin. Every day he would have a good translation of the entire passage. His work was better than a trot: it made sense, had built-in notes, and was 95% error free. Why should I use a trot if I had the lines deciphered every night by reliable Roger? The unusual thing about this situation was that Rog hated Latin more than I did! He couldn't do first year conjugations without fouling them up and despised every grammatical form he came across, but still he was the best translator in the room. Even though his marks were only average, quite a few kids went to him for help, instead of to the "brains".

Roger was a near fanatic about hard homework. He loved it! The harder the assignment, the more he liked it. Math and physics problems no one else bothered with, Rog would spend hours on just to get the right answer. The rest of us copied the hard stuff and did the easier parts ourselves. He worked himself mercilessly until he came up with a solution, even though he knew the teacher would do it for us the next day. I

don't know why, that's just the way he was.

When Harry and I had finished, I gave the notebook back to Roger and sat down next to him.

"Not bad," I chuckled. "You're getting better all the time."

"Well, thank you!" he answered. "I am so glad you approve. Now, if you don't mind, I would like to return to this trig problem. I think I'll have it in a minute."

"Forget it. That problem isn't worth the trouble."

"I want to do it anyway." Roger said, turning back to his paper.

Fifteen minutes and dozens of erasure marks later, he had the answer.

* * * *

The room was dead silent. No one moved or even breathed deeply. Mr. Parks, our Latin teacher, looked up from his book to me. He leaned back slowly, slipping a thumb under his suspenders. His face was deep in thought as his thumb slid up and down, as was his habit. Everyone was watching him for a sign, expecting anything to happen.

"Nine, boy," he grunted. "Try to stay a little more literal next time."

Nine! Nine out of ten was the greatest recitation mark I had ever heard of! The rest of the class was buzzing with surprise. No one ever thought Old Parks gave any higher than a rare seven. Now he had jumped to a nine!

"Quiet boys, Quiet!" yelled Parks. "Enough of this mumbling. Doyle next, NEXT!"

I collapsed into my seat, still not fully believing in my recitation mark. The others were all eyeing me; some enviously, others congratulatory, still others with shock. Only two guys in that whole room weren't looking at me: Harry was translating and Roger Brooks was staring at his book with a big grin on his face. Rog showed no surprise, just that big grin.

By the time I came down off my cloud, Harry was almost done. Parks was explaining, quietly for a change, something about supines. Harry stood there pretending he understood, while Parks went on and on. When Parks finished his little lecture, he looked at Harry, then

down to his mark book, and finally, out to the rest of us.

"You boys must be awake today," he grunted. "Two half decent translations in one day is too much to be expected of you people. But, since you have managed it somehow, Doyle, I will give you an eight."

The undercurrent of comment arose again, this time aimed in Harry's direction. An eight and a nine in one day was too much! Now the looks were pointed toward Doyle, as they had been at me. The envious were a bit more envious, and the shocked, more shocked than ever. I looked over at Roger. He was still staring at the book, but the grin was larger than before.

As Parks was trying to quiet us down, the bell rang. He gave us a mean glare, as he stalked out of the room, mumbling to himself. Maybe he wished he hadn't given us those high marks after all.

I hurried out of the room and up the corridor to catch Harry and Rog. When I came up beside them, Harry was practically kissing Roger's feet for that beautiful translation. Harry could really use that eight and he was letting Rog know it. Rog just smiled and told him to forget it.

Roger turned to me and said, "An eight and a nine isn't bad for one day, not bad at all."

"Yeah, I guess Parks must be getting soft," I answered.

"What do you mean?" Roger snapped, "Parks isn't getting soft; my translations are getting better. I spent over an hour on those lines last night and think I did a pretty good job. If you don't like my work, do it yourself."

"Take it easy Rog, I didn't mean anything like that. Don't get so mad."

Roger simmered down after a while and I started the conversation again as we climbed the stairs.

"I guess you're sorry you gave us those lines now. I mean since Harry and I got—"

"Not much."

"Well if it was my homework and someone else—"

"It wasn't your homework. It was mine."

"Sure, sure, it was your homework, but I got the credit."

He looked up the stairs and mumbled, "That's not important."

"Not important!" I exclaimed. "No it's only nine points on the month's mark, that's all. You can use those points as much as I can. After all that trouble you went through last night, you get nothing. Harry and I get eight and a nine copying your work and you get nothing. Doesn't that bother you at all?"

He smiled and looked out the window and said, almost as if he were talking to himself, "Old Parks thought my translation was good enough for an eight and a nine. I was praised by a man who has been teaching Latin since before my father was born." Then he turned to me and asked, "You call that nothing?"

"But I got a nine and Harry—" I replied. I kept telling him how Harry and I ended up with high marks and he didn't. He didn't even listen; just sat there smiling. He couldn't care less about what I was saying. He didn't care about the mark! Everyone else went after all the points he could, but he didn't. He did more work than anyone else but came out with the same marks as the rest of us; and didn't care! How could he practically ignore the mark? This bewildered me completely, even irritated me at times. It seemed like Roger was set apart from the rest of us in some way I could not put my finger on. When other kids talked about their marks like a life and death subject, he laughed to himself. He knew something we didn't; but what?

* * * * *

All homeroom period we had been studying for the big math test. The marks were terrible up until then and Mr. Hardins was going to count this test heavily in the final grades. Everyone was doing sample problems out of the book to get ready. Roger and I were helping each other on some of the tougher problems. By the time math period came, we were ready.

Then we saw the test.

When I glanced over that question sheet, I let out a long whistle and got to work. I wrote feverishly, trying to do as many as possible. Pencils scratched furiously on paper as the other kids put everything into it. Rog had his sleeves rolled up and beads of sweat across his forehead as he slaved away. This test was murder.

After finishing 11 out of 18, I looked at the clock. Only ten minutes left! I'd never finish! Harry Doyle and Paul

Crane were trading answers. Others had given up and copied all they could find from their neighbors. Many whispers could be heard from the back of the room but Mr. Hardins was busy correcting papers and didn't see or hear anything.

I was getting desperate. I looked over to Roger's paper. He was almost finished! He must have studied this material for hours to know it so well.

"Rog, Rog," I whispered.

He glanced over and understood. He pushed his paper nearer to me so I could see it. When he finished, he leaned back, giving me a clear view. Maybe there was hope for me after all. I took down everything on his answer sheet.

When I was through, I started checking my paper. Most of the answers looked pretty good; if I did well on this test, I might end up with a B for the month. Roger was finished checking and put down his pencil. He moved his paper again so the kid behind him could see it better. He looked happy about the test too.

With a minute left in the period, I found a mistake. It was only an error in multiplication, but it threw the final answer off considerably. I made the correction and looked at Roger's paper; he had it wrong too but hadn't noticed it.

I leaned over and whispered, "Number 15 is wrong, the answer is -8."

Roger examined his paper again, nodded to me, and leaned back into his chair.

"Change it, stupid!" I said, but he ignored me.

"Change it, it's wrong!"

He shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. He must be crazy! I was giving him the correct answer but he refused to take it! He sat there stubbornly until the end of the period, then handed in his paper.

I caught him outside and asked, "What's the matter with you? You might've had a hundred if it wasn't for that stupid mistake. Why didn't you change it?"

He said quietly, "That's cheating."

"So what?" I exclaimed, "Didn't you see the rest of the room. Everyone was cheating!"

"Not me," he stated, with a trace of irritation in his voice.

"Man, are you crazy!" I continued. "I give you the right answer but you refuse

it. I'd never believe it unless I had seen it with my own eyes!"

"That's enough!" he growled.

"What a jerk!" I kept going. "It's only math, it doesn't matter. It's only . . ."

"Quiet!" he shouted angrily. "I'm not going to take any of this from a parasite!"

I stood there with my mouth open in astonishment. He was madder than I had ever seen him. He started to rave furiously. "Who are you to tell me anything," he spat. "You cheat! After you copy everything from my test, you have the nerve to criticize me. What do you think you are?"

I was beginning to feel scared, like I was being condemned on the spot. Roger began to look larger, almost fierce. "What do you mean?" I asked meekly.

He began to calm down. He held his fury in check and started to explain something I did not at once understand.

"I wouldn't cheat in any test, under any conditions," he stated. "I could be flunking or averaging 90% and I still would never cheat. I have never cheated. I don't get fantastic marks, but I have never cheated. Do you understand? Never!"

He paused.

"Now listen carefully, I probably won't be able to get through to you, but I am going to try anyway. I take pride in my work. I have more pride in my marks than you can ever have. To me, they are not simply B's and C's, but they are B's and C's which have been totally earned by **ME**. I feel great satisfaction when I successfully complete a task or when my work is appreciated by others, even if they don't know it is my work. I know it's **MY** work and that's all that matters."

He looked at me excitedly and went on. "When I get back that math test, every answer, right or wrong, is **MINE**. Not your's, not Doyle's, but **MINE**. If the mark is good, I have no one to thank for it but myself. If it is lousy, only I can take the blame. I know how much work I put into it: how I sweated and studied until I was dead tired. I know the final product is due to my efforts and no one else's. That is why I am so satisfied when I do well. The marks you guys get mean little to you because you put nothing into them. You want high grades so your parents won't kill you when the report cards go home and that's all! There is a lot more to it than that, and

until you find out what, nothing you do will be important to anyone."

This puzzled me and Roger could see this. "When I get the answer to a tough physics problem or finish a tough Latin passage, I feel great. I have triumphed over that mixed up Roman code and pulled out an interpretation of the Aeneid. What is most important is that it is **MY** interpretation, not that of some guy who wrote a trot, or some other kid's, but **MINE**. If Old Parks approves, it's icing on the cake and the mark I get only represents that approval. The only person I care about is Roger Brooks; if he is happy, everything else takes care of itself."

I was still perplexed, so Rog made one last try. "Look," he said, "doesn't your paycheck mean more to you than money you get for doing nothing? Doesn't that

cabinet you made mean something to you alone? It may be worth less in money than anything in the room, but what does it mean to you?"

He was right.

"You don't think your pride in that cabinet is so crazy, so why do you think I'm such a nut to be proud of my Latin homework, even though I don't always get the credit for it? What you put into something, you get out of it. You'll find that is always true, regardless of the circumstances."

I looked at him, trying to understand it all. It wasn't completely clear then, nor is it completely clear now; but he was right. I knew it and he knew it. He smiled, turned, and walked down the corridor. He was happy with himself.

That was all that mattered.

The Fog

*The fog crept in
while I slept —
And upon waking
I left in my coverture of mist
and alone I walked
through the alleys
of blindness,
growing damp but never wet;
The blinding light of the lamp
was the sky
as the skinny fingers
of the trees
set their rays of black light
against the chalk-white backdrop.
My bare feet
no longer hurried
but my motion was jelled,
and vast spaces opened my mind
as my feelings grew thicker
with the weight of the mist.
And darker grew the night,
deeper grew the fog . . .*

*But, the night is young yet
and tomorrow is a sunny day,
I hope . . .*

— Christopher Thomas Murray '69

The Last Day

*Soft rays of the setting sun
Stream on the surface of a stone.
And on the flat face of the rock
An old man sits alone.*

*Dreaming his last, dying dreams,
He gazes through unseeing eyes
Where past his seat upon the rock
The world is passing by.*

*Memory haunts the old man's mind
With fleeting visions of the past,
He knows that this day on the rock
Will surely be his last.*

*Noises fill the city air,
But he cannot hear any sound.
And at the bottom of the rock,
A man lies on the ground.*

*Harsh rays of the rising sun
Shine on the surface of the stone
And on the flat face of the rock.
But the old man is gone.*

— Robert Sheehy '70

THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS THE TERMITE

Thomas Goff '70

THE RED LIGHT on the desk flashed. Behind that desk Louis the Termite was pushing papers. When he saw the beacon, he was on his feet in an instant; he dashed out the door and raced to the office of General Dolittle.

When he arrived, he got the dope. The noted band leader, Guy Lumbago, had been captured by the Russians. Their evil scheme was obvious. Guy Lumbago annually celebrated New Year's Eve at the Hotel Hysteria with his Royal Jordanian Orchestra. Millions of Americans ushered in the New Year with Guy over nation-wide television. If Guy Lumbago wasn't there, high atop the Hotel Hysteria, the Royal Jordanian Orchestra would be helpless, unable to play those thrilling strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Clearly, without Guy Lumbago, there couldn't be any New Year's Eve. Without New Year's Eve, there wouldn't be any 1969 and we'd still be stuck in 1968. The nation would be thrown into a panic; turmoil and confusion would reign. With such a leader as the new president preparing to take office, the Commies would easily take over the government. Yet the identity of the mastermind of this evil, foul, slimy plot was unknown.

They had but one clue in this baffling case. An agent in this country who had been operating for some time would probably know where Guy Lumbago was being held. His name was Herman the Hamster!

So it was, that the next night, in a pile of old track ties in the section of the tunnel between Boylston and Arlington Stations, a meeting was being held in the hollowed out core of the pile of wood. Inside the hall sat row after row of termites, each munching on a splinter of wood while waiting for the chairman to arrive. A rumble in the distance grew louder and louder, and then, the squeal of wheels grinding against track as a trolley was braked to a halt outside, and everyone knew that **he** had arrived. A few moments later Louis the Termite strode into the hall and rose to the platform in front of the assembly. He addressed the audience.

He told them of the frightening disappearance of Guy Lumbago and the im-

portance of his recovery. "You are all hereby drafted into the U.S. Army. You will fight for your country, defeat the hamsters, and help to recover that great American hero, Guy Lumbago!" Then the termites cheered and joined together in the rousing cheer of "We shall overcome!" The hall was filled with patriotic fighting spirit and belief in the righteousness of their cause.

When the rally was over, Louis went back to his trolley and returned to Park Street Station. Much planning and work was going to be demanded of him; Louis had to meet that challenge.

Two weeks exactly from that very night, Louis' armies assembled in Park Street Station. The response to the recruiting campaign was unbelievable. Termites had come from all over New England to meet and destroy the enemy hamsters. This was the night on which they would arm and prepare themselves for the attack. It took the entire night, but they finished before the morning rush-hour. Each termite had been given weapons and ammunition.

They set camp in the tunnel section between Boylston and Arlington Stations. Because of the necessary security of the project, the MBTA hadn't been warned of the imminent clash between the termites and the hamsters, and therefore it was "business as usual". Louis was about to take a well earned rest when an advance scout raced into the camp. The vanguard troops had traded fire with the enemy at North Station. The hamsters were on the march!

* * * * *

As noted earlier, the unwary MBTA had continued its normal operations of broken-down trains, trolley tie-ups, and general confusion. So as it was, Park Street Station was crowded with sleepy-eyed commuters, people who were so used to routine that they could travel their routes in their sleep, and most of them did.

Suddenly, these people were startled into reality as they saw, coming from Boylston Station, a sea of termites sweeping over the tracks into Park Street. Everyone was watching in shocked silence when the electricity of horror

building in the air was fused by a scream; an army of hamsters was marching into Park Street Station!

The two mammoth forces stopped at either end of the tunnel outside Park Street Station. Terrified commuters raced for shelter and safety.

The termites were each armed with a "genuine, Louis the Termite, Super-Duper, stun-ray gun." The hamsters had a "Herman the Hamster, fun and educational, electro-bolt gun." There was silence. It seemed as if each side was waiting for the other to make the first move. Then the air shook with the sounds of battle as the giant waves simultaneously converged on each other and met in the center of Park Street Station.

For a while the battle was touch and go between the two armies, but the termites were growing disorganized and began to fall back. Realizing that this was their only chance, Louis jumped into the front line of battle. Crying out to his comrades and fighting furiously, Louis so rallied the termites that they struck back at the hamsters with terrific force.

For the next few minutes the tide of battle swung to either side in rapid succession, and then the hamsters' line began to waver, and then, slowly, with a rapidly increasing acceleration, the termites pushed the hamsters back . . . back . . . back, until the hamsters were in full headlong retreat. The jubilant termites pursued the hamsters until the tunnels were purged. Herman the Hamster, himself, was captured.

* * * * *

In his field headquarters, the battle won, Louis the Termite sank into his chair, exhausted. He was instantly alert, however, when two of his men dragged in their prisoner, Herman the Hamster. With Herman thoroughly broken by his recent defeat, Louis' intense questioning gave him every piece of information he had hoped for. The fetid, limped, slimy, disgusting fink at the bottom of the crime was . . . Vladimir the Louse!! Realizing that he didn't have any time to lose, Louis jumped on a train for the airport.

It was late in the day now, and it was the time of the rush-hour: that time of day when thousands of Boston commuters pack themselves into trains and trolleys to go home. Everything was functioning normally, when, suddenly,

the lights in the tunnels went out. MBTA cars coasted slowly to a halt. And then . . . Panic!

Stations began to be packed with frightened commuters. Trolleys and trains stood still helplessly, mid-way in the tunnels. Louis, himself, was caught in the result of the power failure.

Meanwhile, the MBTA maintenance crews raced to their emergency generators. Why hadn't the machines started up? The answer was found to be in the Master Auxiliary Generator, the one piece of equipment without which the other auxiliaries were useless. Realizing that in the growing emergency there wasn't time to take it apart, the MBTA hierarchy sent out a plea for help to Louis the Termite!

Receiving the call through his "Genuine Louis the Termite Toy Walkie-Talkie," Louis raced to the maintenance center, stopping at a number of stations to reassure the panicking crowds, who took courage from his cool, calm manner.

When he finally reached the Master Auxiliary Generator room, the frustrated crews explained the problem to him. They suspected that the wadgit had burned out so the whosiwhatsis must have fallen off the gyromagadgit and gotten caught in the gears of the whatchamaxicallit, which ran the thingamagig. Taking the situation in hand, Louis crawled into the generator through an air vent with his tool box. Once inside, he pulled the gyromagadgit out of the whatchamaxicallit gears so the thingamagig could run. Then he put the gyromagig back in its proper hole and replaced the burned-out whosiwhatsis. Then, suddenly, without warning, and unexpectedly the Master Auxiliary Generator began to run. If Louis didn't get out fast, he'd be zapped by the high-voltage power. Unbelievably, Louis made it out of the generator.

The MBTA crews cheered and hailed Louis for his heroic deed, but he modestly ignored them. He knew that the danger was far from being over. The generator had obviously been sabotaged, probably by a small band of hamsters remaining after the battle. And the strange behavior of the machine after it had been fixed, hinted that the same hamsters had tried to rub him out. But now it was to the airport, and then to apprehend Vladimir the Louse and save Guy Lumbago.

When he arrived at the airport Louis realized that time was running out. So instead of reporting to the Pentagon, Louis leaped into his fantasmajet and flew off towards the U.S.S.R. where Guy Lumbago was being held, with the fate of a nation resting on his proud shoulders.

Meanwhile, in Minsk, which is a ruble's throw from Pinsk, Guy Lumbago was confronted with his captor. "Ah, ha!", cried Vladimir the Louse, with a lousy smile on his face, "Now that we have you in our power, we **will** have a New Year's Eve Party, at last!"

Guy Lumbago was astounded. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

Vladimir explained, "Every %'!*&*! year on the night of December 31st, we have to listen to (ugh!) Vladimir (groan) Horowitz (spit)! But now . . .!" That lousy louse clapped his hands, and into the room danced a band of gypsies. "These," exclaimed Vlady, "are the Royal Siberian Swingers. You will lead them on New Year's Eve!" Guy Lumbago gasped in horror and Vladimir the Louse doubled up in fiendish laughter.

Suddenly the house shook with the roar of an ultra-fast plane. Looking out the window, Vladimir saw that it was . . . Louis the Termite! In his fantasmajet, Louis was circling the house, challenging the limpid louse to battle. The cowardly creep, realizing that there was no other

way out, ran out into the yard and fired up his Super-sonicar.

Above the house, the super-hero battled with the super-villain. It was the greatest aerial dog-fight of all time. Rolling, pitching, diving and climbing, the two fought for hours. Then, utterly defeated, Vladimir the Louse flew off in head-long retreat.

His craft a little battered, Louis landed and rescued Guy Lumbago. Racing against the clock, Louis jetted across Europe, over the Atlantic Ocean, to New York City.

Streaking across the smog-thickened skies, Louis' craft zoomed over Times Square where thousands of eager New Yorkers waited for midnight.

Louis brought the fantasmajet to a landing high atop the Hotel Hysteria. Three minutes to midnight and Louis and Guy Lumbago raced into the ballroom and Guy struck up the band. Those heart-stirring strains of "Auld Lang Syne" wafted through the ballroom, out the window, and into the night where they belonged.

Guy Lumbago had been saved and brought back so that his Royal Jordanian Band could play "Auld Lang Syne." The country had been saved; a number of dangerous enemy agents had been captured; and our nation made more secure by that one super-hero nice guy . . . Louis the Termite!

Synonymous

*Those picture-window eyes so clear,
(It frightens me when you stare
and shivers my spine.)*

*So wide, with half the world inside.
What do they see, what do they say
To me? So hard to look deep down,
Afraid to know what may be there;
— I'm too young to feel the way*

I fear I do;

But why do I see those eyes, and think of you?

*A strand of hair between our lips;
I laugh to feel it, move my hand
And brush it back to join the others
On your cheek; so soft and smooth
I almost fear to touch, afraid that touch
May make you disappear.*

*I hold you close and pray to know
What this can mean.
But I know, though I pretend not,
Afraid of the truth, and of what to do;
And suddenly I feel so old.*

— Anonymous

TABLE TALK

Alex Robinson '69

Cast: Averell Harriman

Cyrus Vance — United States

Pham Dang Lam — South Vietnam

Tran Buu Kiem — National Liberation Front

Xuan Thuy — North Vietnam

Time: Sometime in the fall, 1968

Place: Paris, France

Scene: The hotel room of Mr. Harriman. He is sitting in a plush velvet covered chair. Vance paces.

Vance: Dammit, I wish they'd get here already.

Harriman: Stay calm, Cy, they'll get here soon.

Vance: I don't know. It took us long enough to get them to come to our room.

Harriman: I know. Pham wanted to have this meeting in his room, Xuan in his, and Tran in his.

Vance: (raising voice) And this isn't even a real discussion! Just have to work out a few preliminary details, that's all. (knock is heard at the door) Well, finally!

Harriman: I'll get it. (opens door) Gentlemen, welcome. Come in and make yourselves at home. (enter Pham Dang Lam, Xuan Thuy, and Tran Buu Kiem. five men shake hands) Cyrus, pour the men a drink.

Vance: Right. How about scotch, gentlemen?

Lam: Bourbon.

Thuy: Vodka.

Kiem: Gin.

Vance: Oh, for Chrissake . . .

Harriman: Uh, why don't we all have tea.

Lam: Well, all right. (others nod in agreement)

(Harriman serves tea five men sit down)

Harriman: Gentlemen, I'm sure you know the task before us is great. For the past few months we've been throwing around proposals, but we've been unable to accomplish anything. We have to pledge to ourselves that we'll make a truly dedicated effort to find the way to peace.

Thuy: Yes, you are right.

Lam: (rises, walks over to the elegantly designed coffee table and sets down

his cup) This is a remarkably beautiful table.

Harriman: Yes, Louis XIV I believe.

Kiem: Speaking of the table, I'd like to discuss this aspect of the talks with you gentlemen.

Vance: And what aspect is that?

Kiem: Well, specifically what kind of table we will be using in our formal discussions.

Vance: How about Louis XIV? Marvelous design. Mahogany would stand up well. Very solid you know. Although formica would be easier to clean in case anybody misses the ashtray.

Thuy: I don't smoke.

Vance: Yes, well . . .

Harriman: Gentlemen, gentlemen, I think what Mr. Kiem was referring to was the shape of the conference table, am I right?

Kiem: Exactly. Who will sit where and that sort of thing.

Vance: Well, I think a nice rectangular shaped job would do the trick.

Lam: Yes, but who would sit at the head of the table?

Harriman: Well I think it's only right that Mr. Vance and I occupy the head of the table.

Lam:)

Kiem:) WHAT??!!

Thuy:)

Vance: Listen, since the United States has done the major part of the fighting . . .

Thuy: Is that right? How is it then, that for every man you lose we lose ten? What do you think North Vietnam's been doing? I say we should be at the head of the table.

Lam: This is very true; however, may I remind you gentlemen that all the fighting and destruction has been done in my country and to my people. Therefore, South Vietnam . . .

Harriman: Wait a minute, wait a minute . . .

Vance: Pass the sugar please.

Harriman: Maybe the table shouldn't be rectangular. That way it wouldn't have a head.

Vance: Yeah, like some peo . . . (Harriman coughs loudly)

Kiem: How about an oval shaped table?

Lam: Yes, perhaps . . .

Thuy: Wait! How can I be assured that my country won't get the short end?

Harriman: Oh, for Heaven's sake! Cyrus get me an Excedrin will you?

Lam: Perhaps no one will get the short end. The United States and the South Vietnamese delegation can sit on one side and the North Vietnamese on the other.

Kiem: One moment please. You have left out the National Liberation Front! Where can we go?

Lam: You can go to . . . your own little table.

Thuy: Wait a minute. I'm not sitting across the table from the United States.

Harriman: Why not? Surely you don't suppose we should sit on the same side? Or is it that you want to negotiate separately with South Vietnam? Or is it that you resent a 2-1 set up at the table?

Thuy: No, no, no.

Harriman: What, then?

Thuy: (whispers to Harriman) Vance has bad breath.

Harriman: Cyrus where's my Excedrin? (Vance heads for the bathroom)

Lam: Perhaps it would be best to have no table at all?

Vance: (returning) Here you go, Ave. How are we doing, gentlemen? Have we reached any kind of decision?

Kiem: Mr. Lam has proposed that there

be no table at all.

Vance: No table at all? That's preposterous! Where am I going to put my papers, and my water pitcher, and Averell's Excedrin? And how about my briefcase? I paid \$69.50 for my briefcase, you want me to put it on the floor?

Thuy: Mr. Vance, did it ever occur to you that you might possibly be outnumbered 3-1?

Vance: Uh, uh . . . Averell, where's the phone?

Harriman: Who are you going to call?

Vance: Lyndon.

Harriman: (shouts) Lyndon!! Cyrus, for God's sake . . . (excited jabber among other three) Oh, my . . . Gentlemen, I don't know about you but I'm getting hungry.

Lam: I must admit I am also.

Vance: (returning) Say, how about a snack. What do you say we get something to eat?

Harriman: What happened to your phone call?

Vance: Line was busy. I'll call down for some doughnuts and coffee.

Harriman: All right. (pauses) Doughnuts? Doughnuts . . . Gentlemen sit down please. I think Cyrus has just given me an idea . . .
(curtain)

Awaiting the Dawn

— Paul M. J. Suchecki '72

Awaiting the Dawn
the phantoms of the valley,
swirling,
dancing,
playing carefree tag
dissolving . . .
Pinkish tendrils in the sky,
prying
eyelids open,
of larks and starlings,
roosting 'mid the leaves; unfolding their wings . . .
Revealing
in long green hair,
sparkling diamond tiaras,
soon to fracture; and be scattered by the breeze . . .
A solo flute trills its part.
two, more, a fledgling chorus;
the rhapsody of life,
And now the blossom . . .
an apricot orb of light,
exuding warmth,
spreading the joy of living,
in a message of rebirth
A squirrel stirs,
a sunflower turns,
So wakes the world

SIX MONTHS IN ISRAEL

Stephen Rittner '70

AS MY MOTHER was cooking dinner the phone rang. She answered and the ensuing conversation left her speechless (a very unusual thing). This was the beginning of my experience as an exchange student. I learned that I won a scholarship for a six months stay in Israel. As I look back now, it all seems to have passed so quickly.

Recalling the flight over brings to mind the airports at Rome and Amsterdam and the frustration of not being able to leave them. It also brings to mind losing seven hours; and two hours after eating supper being cheerfully awakened for breakfast. Ugh!

Landing at Lod, I received my first taste of Israel; porters growling at me in a foreign gobbledegook, and Coca-Cola signs in Hebrew. Finally, we (my fellow exchange students and I) managed to make our way to Upper Nazareth, a town in Galilee, overlooking the Arab town of Nazareth. After meeting our "Israeli families," we called it a day. This was to be our home for the next two months.

The next day we went to Upper Nazareth's Ulpan. An Ulpan is a language school in which new immigrants are taught Hebrew. This type of course has proven to be quite successful. Stressing a basic vocabulary of at least a thousand words, chosen according to their usefulness; the use of Hebrew to learn Hebrew; and grammar only as an instrument to manipulate the vocabulary; this five hours a day, six days a week course was a terrific way to become fluent in Hebrew in a relatively short time. Of course, living with an Israeli family certainly helped.

During my first few weeks with them, I couldn't really understand most of their conversation. In order to communicate with them I had to sit with a dictionary, and they had to sit there patiently until I found the appropriate word. There were occasions when haste just did not permit the time to look up the "suitable phrase." I admired my Israeli family's patience.

As time passed, and my fluency increased, I learned a little about them. My Israeli mother, Deborah, was originally from Poland, but because of Hitler had to flee, and after living in many

places in Eastern Europe, ended up in Israel. My Israeli father, Joseph, originally from Morocco, immigrated to Israel, and met Deborah there. He joined the police department and today has about 70 men working under him in an Area Police Station on the West Bank. Joseph was my first link with Israel. Through him I became intergrated into the customs and society of the land, and began to acquire a working knowledge of the language.

One of my first problems was that I had difficulty getting used to the food. The average Israeli breakfast consists of a salad of cucumbers, tomatoes, onions and peppers, a hardboiled egg, sardines and a cup of muddy coffee. Their lunch is basically the same as our dinner. Their dinner is the same as breakfast, but if you are lucky the egg will be fried. There are certain delicacies that one must try if he goes to Israel. Felafel is made of small balls of fried ground chick-pea. It's warmed and decked with peppers and coleslaw and is eaten within pita, or syrian bread. If one is suffering from "traveler's distress", this should not be eaten. I know: take it from the voice of experience. Humus is a paste made from olive oil and ground chick-peas. To eat humus, one has to scoop it up with pita. Tasty European dishes such as cholent may be found. Cholent is unique. The Israeli housewife just cleans out her refrigerator, throws everything into a pot, and cooks it until the carrots, the meat and the potatoes are indistinguishable. Yummy! Turkish coffee is delicious. I tasted it for the first time on a visit to a Druze village.

One day my Israeli mother decided to serve me a treat! Fish! Very proudly she placed before me the complete fish, including head and fins. It looked at me. I looked at it. My Israeli mother looked at me. I looked at her. They both stared at me. I was outnumbered. Thank God for ninth grade Biology!

So much for food. My first few weeks were quite a traumatic experience. I felt lousy, (the Clinic saw me frequently), was homesick, had an awful time making myself understood, and frankly would love to have crawled inside an envelope and mailed myself home. Then after a month things started to improve. My ap-

petite returned, people understood me, I spent less time in the bathroom, and life was worth living!

My interests turned to other things. I began to look around. Small Upper Nazareth was too dull for me. I felt adventurous. I started to explore: first Lower Nazareth, then Caesarea, later three days in Tel Aviv, and Wow! Before I knew it my summer was over.

Farewells are always sad, and although I was only moving to Haifa, less than an hour away by bus, I was destroyed. I had to pick up all the pieces quickly. School started four days after I got there. There were books to be bought, suitcases to be unpacked, school uniforms to be bought (Yeah, that's right; **uniforms**) and a new family to "break in". This family, as a whole, wasn't as wonderful as the one in Nazareth, but my Israeli brother, who was in my class at school, was fantastic, and I had a cute sister, so I rapidly adjusted.

School in Israel was a new experience for me. It started at 7 A.M. and lasted till 2:15, six days a week. Israelis learn about twelve subjects. These depend on the area they major in. At the Leo Baeck school, we had a literature section and a physical science section. Although certain courses such as English, Latin, Bible and Literature were common to both the literature section also contained such things as The Talmud and Arabic and the "Realistic" section included courses such as Chemistry, Biology, Trigonometry, etc. I understand that some schools in Israel also had a separate Biology section. One of the nice things about this school was that it was co-educational. The level and intensity of the courses are very high. The students work extremely hard, and unlike us have midterms and finals. After trying out their system of testing, I decided that I prefer ours. I could never quite get used to a Latin course taught in Hebrew.

I quickly became integrated into the ranks of Israel's youth. Native born Israelis are called Sabras. Like the fruit of the cactus, they are prickly outside but sweet inside. For the most part they are independent, and extremely proud. Their sense of humor might sometimes seem a bit odd to an American. After being accepted by them and really getting to know them, I have decided that my

bonds with Israeli youth were one of the most rewarding factors of this trip.

Not all of my time was spent in school, however. Through summer trips and during school vacations, etc. I managed to see most of Israel. This was an extremely interesting country to tour, for it makes history come alive. To be able to see the remains of the Temple in Jerusalem, or the walls of Jericho, to walk where prophets had passed, or to hike through plains where ancient battles had been decided was fascinating. Because Israel is the Holy Land for three religions, I was presented with a terrific opportunity to learn about the others as well as my own. Frequenting Nazareth, following the Stations on the Via Dolorosa or seeing the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem was an indescribable experience.

There are three big cities in Israel, each with its own flavor. Hoffs, the beautiful, is the workers' city; Jerusalem, the majestic, is for prayer, (so much so, that you are almost afraid to raise your voice there!). Tel Aviv is the "fun" city. One also finds a number of smaller towns, each with its own distinct specialty, Caesarea, the Roman port, helped to make my Latin come alive. Acre is an Arab city with a definite Eastern flavor. There were many more. Probably one of the highlights of my trip was a five day tour of Sinai. I had a chance to explore the Egyptian entrenchments. To walk through underground complexes and to inspect S.A.M. bases made the journey novel and exciting. Following the battle routes I saw the unbelievable results of the six day war. I visited the Straits of Tiran, where the war actually began. A climb to the summit of Mount Sinai gives one a sense of history. After looking down at the world from that peak, I could see why Moses was inspired to bring down the Ten Commandments. It was a tough trip, and a dusty one. We had to push the bus out of the sand a few times. I needed a vacation to recuperate from that vacation.

People sometimes wonder whether I was extremely nervous, living in an area that could flare up into a major war. In the beginning I was slightly concerned, but after awhile one gets used to the situation and does not torture himself with it. It is a way of life there. In school we once had lessons in mine identification,

etc. When one takes a girl to a theatre, she must be prepared to open her purse, and let a guard inspect it. Terrorism is a constant, daily affair and is not just limited to the borders.

From all of this I would say that being an exchange student is quite an experi-

ence. There is no better way of becoming fluent in another language, to meet new and different people, and to learn to appreciate a different mode of life. I understand that there are a number of exchange programs in existence. I would highly recommend taking advantage of such an opportunity.

The Enemy

*A soldier wipes his eyes and lifts his head from the muddy trench,
From the smell of smoking guns,
Stares at the morning sun.*

*"On you go to battle . . .
For a cause that someone calls just.
To kill an enemy —
Thus crushing evil. Foolish, isn't it?
You don't really know."*

*The dawn's mist, the sun glaring, the fog rising, and the bodies lying,
Between the lines, far from the minds,
And the deeds of the men that left them there.*

*"Could that enemy be the same,
Taught to kill for this deadly game?
Yet I can kill him; there is no sin,
As long as I'm the one to win."*

*Thoughts chaotic and confused, anguishing cries soon to die in the hearts
Of the men, awaiting the call.
Fix the bayonet, load your rifle, strap your steel gray helmet.
But stop and think . . .*

*"Who is the faceless enemy there,
The guilty culprit and aggressor,
Who is this fiend that I must kill
In performing some politician's will?
Who?
Could he be a man like me, a living being,
Warm and breathing, with a mind thinking and
Knowing love; or is he just an enemy, simply
A base victim and nothing more?"*

*Now the assault. Charging, attacking, rushing forward
Into the morning's sun, where the bodies are strewn.
Shooting and stabbing, death at hand in the masses of offense
And defense — kill all you can, for the moment will only linger
At hand, and then you'll join the dead. Loud voices, loud cries, now
Hushed in silence as the soldier dies.*

*So much for this charge, as a bayonet
Slices through. Forced to kill another
Enemy, but a brother the same —
That's the enemy, that's who.*

— Thomas Yaroschuk '71

SUNRISE - SUNSET

Mark Hetherington '70

I STOOD, ALONE, by the shore listening to the quiet lapping of the waves against the rock and shell studded sandy beach. I felt as empty as one of those insignificant wave-worn shells. The sun had just begun to peer over the low bank of clouds. My bare left foot was firm on the sand while my right foot played with a twisted, sun bleached piece of grounded driftwood. My hands were inside the pockets of the light canvas coat I wore. My eyes were fixed on the blinking beacon of a light house at the end of the point. The cloudbank made the light seem to be floating on the sea. The light went on, then off, in two second intervals.

"I've seen my whole life shining from the west down to the east. Any day now, any day now, I shall be released."

My eyes still on the blinking beacon, I walked into the water. I looked back only once for I thought someone called out to me.

* * *

HURLEY—In Boston, Aug. 9, 1968, Frederick. Son of Frederick and Helen Hurley. Funeral from the O'Brien Funeral Home, 146 Dorchester st., South Boston, Monday at 9 o'clock. A High Mass of Requiem in the Gate Of Heaven Church at 10 o'clock. Visiting hours Saturday and Sunday 2-5 and 7-10.

* * *

I climbed the steps of the funeral home uncertain of what I was going to say.

Inside the door there was a sign with the name HURLEY and an arrow pointing to the right.

In the small room sat Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, the lone sorrowful mourners. He had drifted away from all his friends in the last few years. It was a brown mahogany casket with silver handles. He was sort of propped up in it, with black rosary beads laced through his fingers. I was surprised; they must have found him right after it happened to be able to have an open coffin.

"I'm very sorry."

The only words I could force out of my mouth. Mrs. Hurley looked dazed. They must have been giving her pills to calm her down. Mr. Hurley looked like he needed some sleep. I went over to the coffin and knelt down to pray, but there were no prayers in my mind. I knelt at the side of the coffin for a minute and looked down into his closed eyes. As I left two men came in. I think they worked with Mr. Hurley.

"What could make a guy do something like that?" I thought as I drove home. "Whenever I ran into him he acted like he didn't have a care in the world. I never took him for any kind of a nut."

At the mass the next morning, the church was almost empty except for some old ladies who I think have been at every funeral mass in the last fifty years. The priest was a second cousin of Mrs. Hurley.

I was the third and last car in the procession to the graveyard. The priest sprinkled some holy water and they set him down into the ground. May the Lord have Mercy on his soul.

*everything was closing in
i was lost
man i was down
so i went for a winter walk*

winter walk

*i felt the brisk wind rushing through my hair
the sun broke through the frigid clouds
i heard some ice crackling beneath my feet
and though i was cold
i thought i heard an icicle say*

*good day
wonderful world
aren't you glad to be alive*

*and i said yes
it's all true*

—Lester Kobzik '71

*A mere coincidence —
 Broken thought and irate emotions
 mergetogetherandfuseinto a MASSIVE,
 pulsating Oneness — confusion.*

*The white and gray matter short-circuit and
 m
 e
 l t, leaving a s u r i g, liquid
 i n
 pool.*

Contemplation

*The old man with the scally cap, his lunch
 protected by his aged arm, runs to catch a trolley,
 only to tr
 ip and f
 a
 l
 l beneath its wheels.*

— Gerry Field '70

*The young boy stoops for the apple on the
 station platform, shines it, puts it in his secret
 pocket and r-u-n-s off, musing over his good
 fortune.*

REALITY —

*harsh, cold, cruel, devastating.
 Life — the proverbial bowl of cherries basks in
 harsh, cold, cruel, devastating.
 the blazing summer sun, slowly turning
 to disease-ridden mold.*

*A mere coincidence —
 The concept of life threatens its sanity,
 but somehow the being survives.*

*I stumble along, this cold December day,
 Wrapped in a coat, wrapped in my thoughts
 Of tests and cold and homework.
 I hear ahead the whine of a car,
 And looking up
 I see a man, deep in the snow,
 Heaving to break the grip of ice on tires.*

No Time

*And I stumble on, turning my face from the wind,
 Humming a tune to drown out the sound
 Of falling snow and spinning wheels.
 Then from the past I remember when
 I as a boy watched my father stop
 To help such a man. And a second of doubt
 Ends as I smile — "No time."*

— Edward Shaffer '69

*And I stumble along through the darkening streets,
 Thinking of tests and cold and homework.*

THE STREET CAR NUISANCE:

*Public Transportation's Answer to the
Back-Seat Driver*

Howard Rosenblum '72

PEOPLE, AS A rule, can never seem to trust the driver of a vehicle in which they are riding. Even though they cannot drive the vehicle themselves, they feel well qualified to tell the driver how to. And when the back-seat driver cannot find a back-seat to sit in, he hops on the nearest streetcar, stands watch next to the fare box and protects all the passengers from a would-be careless carman.

* * *

"How much do I have to pay to go to Park Street?"

"Forty-five cents, lady."

"Are you sure? I thought that the fares didn't go up until next month."

"Sorry lady, they went up two weeks ago. Now please step to the rear of the car."

"It's very wet out and the tracks are slippery. Did you check your brakes today?"

"Well no, but . . ."

"Aha, putting all these innocent people's lives in danger."

"Trust me, lady. I've been driving this route for two years already . . . and not a single accident."

"Well, I guess we'll all have to trust you and the One above for a safe trip. I didn't think that they let unreliable men operate these things."

"How nice of you to let me go on."

"Don't be rude to me, young man. You remind me of that son of a — I won't say it — nephew of mine. . . . Slow down, we're coming to an intersection."

"I plan to, lady."

"Just like him, that nephew. . . . Well, as I was going to say, one time when I was visiting my sister and he happened to be there and. . . . Stop! why did you pass that stop? My friend gets on there."

"Sorry, lady. This streetcar is full; besides, there's one right behind us to pick your friend up."

"Well, anyway, this nephew, when I was visiting and we were talking about marriage and he has the nerve to say . . . Hey you. Yes you! Give this nice lady

your seat. Boy, these kids today. They aren't raised the way they used to be . . . As I was saying, this, well I won't say it in front of these young people over here, nephew makes some remark about me being a spinster and doing nothing with my life. But I might say, that at age fifty-six I think that I look very well . . . well let's say younger looking than most at my age. Just look at my face, and my complexion. Practically no wrinkles at all. Any man's dream. Amazing for someone my age; don't you agree?"

"Why of course, lady. What a thoughtless nephew to make fun of such a charming and attractive woman."

"And if you happen to run across a nice, rich, aging gentleman . . . turn on your lights; we're going into the tunnel."

"Boy, lady, I don't know what I'd do without your wisdom!"

"There you are again, just like my nephew. rude as anything . . . And with all his talk about being married or not, he goes and runs off and gets married to one of those rich old widows. She must be at least fifty and he's only thirty."

"Well I'll be . . ."

"But loads of money. That's the only reason for it. The family is all upset. I'm just waiting for her funeral. It's not that I don't like her but . . . you know what I mean."

"Sure, lady. You must have lots of troubles."

"I know. It seems as if nobody in the family loves me any more. Now my brother won't take me in his car again. He says I'm a back-seat driver . . . I'm just trying to save his life. Drives like the devil, you know, and doesn't even have seat belts . . . And do you want to hear something outrageous?"

"Not especially, lady. I have to drive this streetcar. I can't be bothered with your problems."

"Well, my sister goes and makes an appointment for me with a social worker. My own sister, mind you, telling me that I am incapable of guiding myself through the rest of my life. She says I should go

out and join some clubs and meet some people my age. I don't believe in those clubs though — all they are is a bunch of old chatterboxes and complainers who know only how to play gin . . . I have so many friends anyway."

"You must have a multitude with your outgoing personality. Now please step to the rear; it's getting crowded up front."

"The trouble with my sister probably started back when my mother, bless her soul, gave me that . . . WATCH OUT! You're going to hit the car in front of you . . . Why is everybody looking at me so strangely? Don't they know that I just saved them from being in a terrible acci-

dent? I don't expect any thanks, but not their snickering."

"They're really laughing at me, lady; for letting you stand next to me all the way into town and permitting my ears to be the waste baskets of all your family problems. Now please step aside, these people have to get off."

"But I trust you. And I think I'm beginning to like you a little. I think I'll ride with you from now on instead of that old one in the other car."

"Please, lady; I'll get you a rich old man. I'll get you that Greek guy — what's his name — I don't care; but not me. Please, lady? Here's your stop . . ."

Angry Little Cretin

*Angry little cretin,
Standing on the street corner screaming at the snow;
we accosted him. "How can you?", asked one.
"Don't you see?", he replied. "It's been snowing for years."
"Obviously," we retored, "But what difference?"
He seemed shocked, but then went on. "Why, you fools!
It only snows for it knows it can. No one does anything
to prevent it. I fight back."
He ran away screaming quite loudly.*

— Steven Gluzband '70

"Go . . . go quietly to the kitchen and read your poems before the mirror . . ."

(Ionesco — *The Bald Soprano*)

*But who is to remember me
when the mirror forgets my voice
and my paintings in the closet
start to fade?*

*Applause for you has deafened me.
Your name's on all the signs.
They put your pictures in our scrapbook
ninety-seven times.
For thine is elusive Charisma;
and thine is the kingdom
and the power
and the glory
forever . . .*

*. . . but . . . who is to remember me
when the mirror forgets my voice
and my poems I read before it
all are burned?*

— Steven Greechie '69

Eulogy To My T.V. Clown

*There were times
When I would sit and wait
(And never think of being late)
For you to come with fanfare
And a commercial before you.
It never was a bore to me,
For no matter what they said
I'd see different things in
Your "stereotyped sameness."*

*There were times . . .
When I would never doubt that
Clowns, balloons and ponies
Were as real as gumdrop trees.
I lived so freely — bound by nothing
But my own simplicity.*

*And there were times . . .
Times so long lost to me,
When I thought war was something
That could never be.*

*And there were times . . .
When you, Uncle Billy, (you crazy clown!)
Were part of me. And then, I guess,
I got too old to see.
Your clowns took off their makeup and
Balloons burst in mid-air.
The mares were put to sleep. And gumdrops
Fell like autumn leaves before the everlasting winter.*

*And now it's time . . .
I've learned all they taught me.
And what they hated I forgot.
I see what they see and nothing more
(My mind has shrunk to a "two-by-four.")*

*They've killed you, Uncle Billy,
And taken you away from me.
Replaced your lollipops with cigarettes
And your chocolate milk with Martinis,
Your favorite horse with Sherman tanks,
Your squirt gun with bazookas,
Your funny shirt with a uniform and
Your floppy shoes with boots.
But, you know, Uncle Billy, I'll beat them yet!
I remember you still.
And I secretly switch on your memories
Now and then. (You always were my very faithful friend.)*

*They've killed you, Uncle Billy.
(. . . or, have they killed me?)*

— Charles Dobrusin '70

THE SECOND SIDE OF THE COIN

Robert McGurn '69

EVERY DAY for the past two months I had walked along that muddy path they called a road. Now the reports coming in were being verified that the enemy was grouping his forces in the area once again for another assault on our base at Lin Bhe. If he attacked from the east, as was expected, this road would become our main route of withdrawal should we decide to abandon Lin Bhe. It was the responsibility of my unit to keep the road open. So, every day and night we sent out patrols from Lin Bhe to the pass at Phe Rin to relieve the sentries stationed there.

I cursed and slapped as a mosquito bit my neck. Then I turned around and looked at the other men. They all wore that same expressionless professional look on their faces that comes with front line experience. They all looked the same except for the three replacements who had joined us the day before. They had a look of newness about them that seemed strangely out of place. They looked too damn young to be there.

I shifted my rifle to my other shoulder and plodded on. The sound of the men's boots sloshing through the mud made that monotonous sound so well known to tired soldiers. The rains of the monsoon season had taken their toll on both the men and the countryside. I stepped over a fallen tree trunk and plodded on. Then I heard someone cry out and I turned and saw one of the replacements picking himself out of the mud. He had slipped stepping over that tree and found himself sprawled face down in the mud. I chuckled to myself and shook my head.

The next thing I saw was the squad leader being hurled back against a rock as a grenade went off practically at his feet, killing him. We took cover and returned small arms fire. We lost two more men and suffered two wounded. As I was looking for casualties, I cursed that swine they put in uniform to fight against us. I felt sick of it all, sick of fighting, sick of death, and sick of myself as I picked up the sergeant's leg and placed it near the rest of his mangled remains. It was all I could do for him.

After we had regrouped, we carried our wounded back to Lin Bhe. I thought

about the sergeant on the way back. He had a wife and a baby girl. First chance I got I decided I'd write to them. It seems that in any war, on either side, the highest price is paid by those we leave behind. I began to think about my own home and family. I hadn't heard from home in over two months now, but neither had anyone else at Lin Bhe. Lin Bhe was beginning to seem like an awfully lonely place to die.

When we got back to the base we ate the usual Army issue slop and then found places to sleep in the trenches. The enemy constantly shelled Lin Bhe at night as a nuisance weapon and I was just beginning to get used to it. I tried to pay no attention but sometimes one landed close and reminded you where you were. I still don't know how I ever got any sleep in those ditches around Lin Bhe.

When I woke up the next morning, I learned that one of the men wounded on patrol had died. The medics could have saved him easily if only they had had the necessary medical supplies, but plasma and antibiotics were things of the past at Lin Bhe. In any war you face shortages in food and medical supplies at one time or another but the shortages grew more apparent each day as they claimed men's lives. I really began to wonder if Lin Bhe was worth holding any longer.

We had lost far too many men trying to hold that stretch of road for my thinking, but once again we set out along the road to Phe Rin. I looked around at the faces once more. The three replacements were there again but they somehow seemed different from the day before. They had lost their look of newness and blended in amongst the other blank faces.

We passed the tree trunk where the ambush had taken place the day before. The enemy knew our routine and usually didn't attack our patrols on the way to Phe Rin. Instead he waited for us to start our return trip to Lin Bhe just as he had done last time. He knew how rough a march it was and he knew that men exhausted from picking their feet out of ankle deep mud for hours lack their morale and determination. The bodies weren't there. Some villagers had prob-

ably buried them after stripping them of everything useful. We plodded on to Phe Rin and reached the post without incident. We replaced the men stationed there with fresh men and headed back towards Lin Bhe. The enemy had never made an attempt to take the post at Phe Rin which he could have easily done. As long as we kept sending patrols back and forth along that road, he had himself a regular shooting gallery. Why should he blow a good thing like that when all he had to do was hide in the brush and take potshots at us.

About two thirds of the way back, the expected attack came. Small arms fire opened up on the right and we made for cover to the left of the trail. It was a stupid move. We placed ourselves in a very neatly concealed trap. The enemy was on both flanks and our front (men dropped to the ground) and I fired blindly at an enemy I couldn't see. Then, a grenade went off very close to me and I fell to the ground unconscious.

When I woke up, the first thing I saw was an enemy soldier standing over me pointing an automatic rifle at my head. My unit had left me for dead after the concussion of the blast had knocked me out. I felt very groggy and rolled my head to one side. It had been a massacre. More than half of the men were lying around in awkward positions only the dead can master. I propped myself up on my elbows to get up and the soldier's boot came smashing down onto my chest. I sprawled on the ground trying to regain my breath and barely managed to remain conscious.

The soldier called to another, an officer, who looked down at me. Then he issued

some orders and I was lifted to my feet and had my hands tied behind my back, very tightly.

I began to realize that the war was over for me for awhile. I had the rest of the war to spend in an enemy internment camp before me. I felt sick knowing that it was all over and that everything I'd fought for and believed in was gone. I didn't really care what happened to me now. The best I could do was to tell them nothing more than my name and rank. Besides, what else did I know that would be of any use to them? They pushed me forward and we began the march to their headquarters.

It wasn't more than an hour later when we reached their forward command post located in the hut of the village headman. I didn't recognize the place but from the state of activity and wreckage lying about, I assumed it must have been recently taken from our side.

I was led into the hut and the soldier who had kicked me before stood by the door cradling his rifle. He motioned for me to sit in one of the two chairs in the room and I did. I sat there for a long time and thought. I began to get scared. All the hates and fears I had built up against these people rushed through my brain and I began to sweat. It was the fear of not knowing what they would do to me that terrified me the most. At last, an officer entered, my interrogator. Just name and rank and to hell with him. God, I was scared. And then he began.

"Name and rank?"

"Binh Tau Fune, corporal, Army of the People's Republic of North Vietnam."

Night Madness

*It's the darkness, kid,
makes it easy to see
what used to be here:
hopes to be realized,
deeds to be done,
the promise that we were,
the beloved sons;
we were to be the beautiful people,
and judge the others,
kindly, of course,
for we loved so much and we loved so well.*

But we loved too easily, didn't we?

*Listen, kid, it's
apathy protects us
from the beautiful few,
or else resignation.
It's night madness
to cry for lost innocence
and regret a promise
that's burnt by the dawn.
So forget it, kid, and go to sleep.
We're meeting the king tomorrow, remember?*

— Steven Greechie '69

To an Unloved Love:

(To A. R. R.)

*A forget-me-not beaming down
into a still, but deep-rushing stream
lapping near her grassy gown,
but sighing back into his dream . . .*

— Dennis J. Bechis '69

Escape

*The sunlight sifting through the haze of the classroom;
the teacher's lumbering words stumbling into silence;
the surging tension of thirty pens scratching nervously;
the joyful high-singing ringing of the bells bringing smiles of freedom;
the roaring tide of laughs and shouts crashing down the corridors;
the stampede of overcoats and books kicking up dust and echoes behind; —
these daily scenes now seem so cold, so dead, so unreal,
yet their watercolor rhapsodies still live in our minds
only to fade like dreams.*

*And yet our dreams will never die.
Long ago our nightly hide 'n' seeks grew old and died,
and we stopped hiding too behind our mothers' skirts.
We were the hopeless then —
trapped and in darkness we looked up,
up from our deep-walled prison,
up at the bright patch of light in the sky.*

*Trapped, we began to climb —
tearing ourselves each morning from our pillows,
staggering under armfuls of books on snowy December mornings,
suffering to listen to some seemingly meaningless lectures.
The more we climbed, the more the rocks scratched and scraped away
at our hard uncut childishness,
and the more they polished us.*

*And in the reflection of our minds we saw ourselves
and the rocky walls of the prison around and below us
clearer and brighter, as we neared the top of the wall.
And when we finally reached it,
gripped its rocky ledge with our calloused fingers,
and dragged ourselves over,
we could see people everywhere
kissing, poring over books, and building bridges.
And we could gaze in all directions,
even back down into our former prison
at others struggling up its rough rocks.*

*And weren't we all shocked to see the sky no nearer than before?
But then weren't we even more delighted to find
not a small patch of light above us,
but a vast sky of dreams.*

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